No. 12 PRICE SIXPENCE. FEBRUARY 16.

# The Last Chronicle of Barset

BY

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

With Illustrations by G. H. Thomas

SMITH, ELDER, & Co.

65. CORNHILL.

E.C

JOHN LEIGHTON, F.S.A.

[The right of Translation is reserved.]

Just Published. Second Edition, Re-written and Enlarged. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

*The*

# *Sporting Rifle and its Projectiles.*

BY LIEUT. JAMES FORSYTH, BENGAL STAFF CORPS.

---

"Mr. Forsyth goes very fully into the subject of shell rifles, to which he devotes about twenty pages. Breech-loaders also occupy more than a dozen pages in this Edition; and throughout the work there is continued evidence of a new edition in fact as well as name. . . . . The work contains nearly one half more matter than the former edition, besides being better arranged, and provided with new illustrations, showing improved and less cumbersome contrivances for making shells, &c. On the whole we can speak of this book in the highest terms. . . . . It will prove of interest to the most experienced handler of the rifle; and the beginner who follows its precepts, will bid fair to save himself a good deal of trouble and expense."— *The Field.*

"We strongly recommend 'The Sporting Rifle,' not only to sportsmen, but to every one who handles a rifle, and more particularly to those intending to purchase one for India."—*Land and Water.*

"The author writes with a happy combination of powers, which render his opinions highly valuable. . . . . Taken as a scientific work, nothing is left to be desired."—*The Sporting Gazette.*

"The treatise is eminently a practical one, and forms a very useful book on a most important subject."—*Army and Navy Gazette.*

---

**London: Smith, Elder and Co., 65, Cornhill.**

# CAPTAIN GRONOW'S WORKS.

With Four Illustrations, Crown 8vo, 6*s*.

## *Recollections and Anecdotes*

### Of the Camp, the Court, and the Clubs, at the Close of the Last War with France. New Edition, comprising the First and Second Series in one Volume.

"All hail to Captain Gronow. These reminiscences really bring past times back to us vividly and agreeably; and although individual facts and characters may have been mistaken by the gallant author, the generic features of his contemporaries are faithfully transmitted by his book."—*Saturday Review.*

"A pleasant military and social book of anecdote gossip, illustrated with a few odd sketches from contemporary prints of notabilities of nearly half a century ago."—*Examiner.*

"Some of the best sayings and many of the most noticeable doings of a time remarkable for both extraordinary doings and clever sayings, are recorded, in a neat, terse, and effective style. In not a few instances the greatest delicacy was requisite on the part of the author to give expression to the point he had in view. And the more difficult his task the better, it seems to us, has he succeeded in accomplishing it."—*Press.*

With Coloured Frontispiece, Crown 8vo, 9*s*.

## *Celebrities of London and Paris.*

### Being a Third Series of Reminiscences and Anecdotes of the Camp, the Court, and the Clubs. Containing a Correct Account of the Coup d'Etat.

"There are some capital stories in this third series, all illustrative of the age of dandies and the regency, and high play, and riotous living, and four-in-hands."—*Westminster Review.*

"Light, airy, and sparkling—a very butterfly of a book, leading perusers on from flower to flower among the piquant stories of bygone days. All the incidents connected with the *coup d'état* are graphically described, and the different parts played by the actors principally concerned in carrying it out, are clearly detailed by Captain Gronow. His account is succinct and intelligible, and will be appreciated by all readers desirous of acquiring a thorough knowledge of an event the results of which have had such an influence over the destinies of France."—*Morning Post.*

With Portrait, Crown 8vo, 7*s*. 6*d*.

## *Capt. Gronow's Last Recollections.*

### Being the Fourth and Final Volume of his Anecdotes and Reminiscences.

"Such books as Captain Gronow's are the best supplements, if not the best exponents, of the drier and more classical pages of the historian. . . . In the next century our children will learn more of our manners and customs by reading the reminiscences of men like Captain Gronow than by studying the historians, whoever they may be, of the nineteenth century. . . . On the whole as much or more may be gathered from this and the previous volumes about the social history of England during the first half of the nineteenth century, than from any other work of the same size at present extant."—*Press.*

"The whole series is most entertaining, presenting a gallery of life-like sketches of the warriors, statesmen, wits, artists, dandies, and pretty piquante women, of a generation fast fading from our view."—*London Review.*

With Frontispiece, Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

# *The Book of Were-Wolves.*

## Being an Account of a Terrible Superstition.

BY SABINE BARING-GOULD, M.A,

AUTHOR OF "ICELAND; ITS SCENES AND SAGAS," ETC.

"A curious and highly interesting monograph upon Were-Wolves, and the folk-lore connected with lycanthropy, or the various forms under which the notion of a wolf-fiend, or man-wolf, has existed in different countries. . . . . Mr. Baring-Gould's extensive knowledge of Icelandic literature has enabled him to fortify his argument at every point with illustrations which make his volume one of genuine entertainment."—*Saturday Review.*

"Here is all the folk-lore of Were-Wolfdom, arranged into a most grizly collection of stories. . . . . But the author is an able man, who does not care to deal only in legends of wonder and horror. . . . . He lets loose on us a bag full of Were-Wolves, but he tries, as he does so, to account philosophically for the produce of his bag."—*Examiner.*

"In this remarkable little book, remarkable for a power its external aspect does not promise, and an interest its name will not create, Mr. Baring-Gould investigates a belief, once general in Europe, and even now entertained by a majority of the uneducated class."—*Spectator.*

"This is a book to startle the optimist, and to obscure the prospect of that millennial state in which human nature is to reach the perfection of goodness. The author proposes simply to present his readers with a monograph of one form of human aberration from the ideal type, or, as he chooses to call it, of human superstition; but in doing this, he incidentally reveals a fearful element of our nature, which may indicate to some minds new views of the theory of development. . . . . Mr. Baring-Gould has done no small service to the cause of human progress by his thrilling exposition of this fearful side of our nature."—*Daily News.*

"A very curious book on a very curious subject. . . . . To the student of popular superstitions and folk-lore, the earlier chapters of the present work will be most interesting, much valuable information as to the origin of words and the affinity of languages being incidentally given."—*Illustrated Times.*

LONDON: SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES: COUGHS.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES: ASTHMA.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES: INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES: BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES: WHICH ARE DAILY RECOMMENDED BY THE FACULTY.—Testimonials from the most eminent of whom may be seen. Sold in Boxes, 1*s.* 1½*d.*; and Tins, 2*s.* 9*d.*, 4*s.* 6*d.*, and 11*s.* each, by

KEATING, Chemist, 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London.
Sold retail by all Druggists, &c.

IMPORTANT TESTIMONIAL FROM A CLERGYMAN IN ESSEX.

AUGUST 25th, 1866.

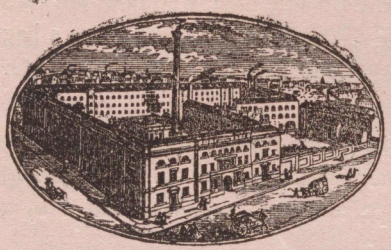
DEAR SIR,—I have derived so much benefit from using your Cough Lozenges, that I write to make you acquainted with the circumstance, and with the view of benefiting some who may be inconvenienced by a winter cough. For many years I have been more or less troubled with a Cough, but during last winter it became so bad that I could scarcely read aloud. Having taken other remedies, some of them very nauseous, among them Cough no More, without obtaining relief, I tried your Lozenges, which are very palatable, and was agreeably surprised at the result of the trial. You are at liberty to make use of this communication.—I remain, faithfully yours, E. L. D.

THE HELENA POLKA MAZURKA, for the Pianoforte, by FRED. GODFREY, free by post for 26 stamps.

MUSIC.—"We would call attention to Messrs. COCKS and Co.'s EDUCATIONAL CATALOGUE of THEORETICAL, ELEMENTARY, and STANDARD WORKS, which will be found useful in schools and families, and by young composers. It may be had gratis and postage free."—Vide *Ladies' Treasury*, Jan 1.

BY ROYAL COMMAND

METALLIC PEN MAKER TO THE QUEEN.

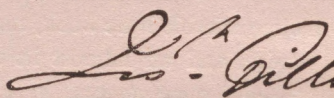


VICTORIA WORKS, BIRMINGHAM.

JOSEPH GILLOTT

Respectfully directs the attention of the Commercial Public, and of all who use Steel Pens, to the incomparable excellence of his productions, which for QUALITY OF MATERIAL, EASY ACTION, and GREAT DURABILITY, will ensure universal preference.

EVERY PACKET BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE OF HIS SIGNATURE



They can be obtained, retail, of every deale in the world; wholesale at the Works, Graham Street, Birmingham; and at the Branch Establishments, 91, John Street, New York; and 37, Gracechurch Street, London.

EXCELLENT SHERRY, 21*s.* per dozen, clean, nutty, and dry, imported direct from Xeres, by JOHN RICHARD WACE and Co., Wine Merchants, &c., 45 and 46, Baker Street, Portman Square, W. Forwarded carriage free on the receipt of a post-office order or reference.

*Just Published, New and Cheaper Edition, Fcap. 8vo, 2s. 6d.*

THE CONSCRIPT;

*A Tale of the French War of 1813.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF ERCKMANN CHATRIAN.

*By the same Author. Crown 8vo, 6s.*

WATERLOO;

*A Story of the Hundred Days.*

BEING A SEQUEL TO

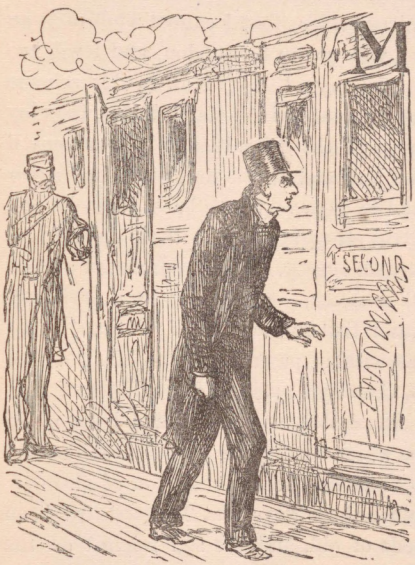
*THE CONSCRIPT.*

LONDON: SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.

"Never mind Mr. Henry."

## CHAPTER XXXII.

*MR. TOOGOOD.*




MR. CRAWLEY had declared to Mr. Robarts, that he would summon no legal aid to his assistance at the coming trial. The reader may, perhaps, remember the impetuosity with which he rejected the advice on this subject which was conveyed to him by Mr. Robarts with all the authority of Archdeacon Grantly's name. "Tell the archdeacon," he had said, "that I will have none of his advice." And then Mr. Robarts had left him, fully convinced that any further interference on his part could be of no avail. Nevertheless, the words which had then been spoken were not without effect. This coming trial was ever present to Mr. Crawley's mind, and though, when driven to discuss the subject, he would speak of it with high spirit, as he had done both to the bishop and to Mr. Robarts, yet in his long hours of privacy, or when alone with his wife, his spirit was anything but high. "It will kill me," he would say to her. "I shall get salvation thus. Death will relieve me, and I shall never be called upon to stand before those cruel eager eyes." Then would she try to say words of comfort, sometimes soothing him as though he were a child, and at others bidding him be a man, and remember that as a man he should have sufficient endurance to bear the eyes of any crowd that might be there to look at him.

"I think I will go up to London," he said to her one evening, very soon after the day of Mr. Robarts's visit.

"Go up to London, Josiah!" Mr. Crawley had not been up to London once since they had been settled at Hogglestock, and this

sudden resolution on his part frightened his wife. "Go up to London, dearest! and why?"

"I will tell you why. They all say that I should speak to some man of the law whom I may trust about this coming trial. I trust no one in these parts. Not, mark you, that I say that they are untrustworthy. God forbid that I should so speak or even so think of men whom I know not. But the matter has become so common in men's mouths at Barchester and at Silverbridge, that I cannot endure to go among them and to talk of it. I will go up to London, and I will see your cousin, Mr. John Toogood, of Gray's Inn." Now in this scheme there was an amount of everyday prudence which startled Mrs. Crawley almost as much as did the prospect of the difficulties to be overcome if the journey were to be made. Her husband, in the first place, had never once seen Mr. John Toogood; and in days very long back, when he and she were making their first gallant struggle,—for in those days it had been gallant,—down in their Cornish curacy, he had reprobated certain Toogood civilities,—professional civilities,—which had been proffered, perhaps, with too plain an intimation that on the score of relationship the professional work should be done without payment. The Mr. Toogood of those days, who had been Mrs. Crawley's uncle, and the father of Mrs. Eames and grandfather of our friend Johnny Eames, had been much angered by some correspondence which had grown up between him and Mr. Crawley, and from that day there had been a cessation of all intercourse between the families. Since those days that Toogood had been gathered to the ancient Toogoods of old, and the son reigned on the family throne in Raymond's Buildings. The present Toogood was therefore first-cousin to Mrs. Crawley. But there had been no intimacy between them. Mrs. Crawley had not seen her cousin since her marriage,—as indeed she had seen none of her relations, having been estranged from them by the singular bearing of her husband. She knew that her cousin stood high in his profession, the firm of Toogood and Crump,—Crump and Toogood it should have been properly called in these days,—having always held its head up high above all dirty work; and she felt that her husband could look for advice from no better source. But how would such a one as he manage to tell his story to a stranger? Nay, how would he find his way alone into the lawyer's room, to tell his story at all,—so strange was he to the world? And then the expense! "If you do not wish me to apply to your cousin, say so, and there shall be an end of it," said Mr. Crawley in an angry tone.

"Of course I would wish it. I believe him to be an excellent man, and a good lawyer."

"Then why should I not go to his chambers? In formâ pauperis I must go to him, and must tell him so. I cannot pay him for the labour of his counsel, nor for such minutes of his time as I shall use."

"Oh, Josiah, you need not speak of that."

"But I must speak of it. Can I go to a professional man, who keeps as it were his shop open for those who may think fit to come, and purchase of him, and take of his goods, and afterwards, when the goods have been used, tell him that I have not the price in my hand? I will not do that, Mary. You think that I am mad, that I know not what I do. Yes,—I see it in your eyes; and you are sometimes partly right. But I am not so mad but that I know what is honest. I will tell your cousin that I am sore straitened, and brought down into the very dust by misfortune. And I will beseech him, for what of ancient feeling of family he may bear to you, to listen to me for a while. And I will be very short, and, if need be, will bide his time patiently, and perhaps he may say a word to me that may be of use."

There was certainly very much in this to provoke Mrs. Crawley. It was not only that she knew well that her cousin would give ample and immediate attention, and lend himself thoroughly to the matter without any idea of payment,—but that she could not quite believe that her husband's humility was true humility. She strove to believe it, but knew that she failed. After all it was only a feeling on her part. There was no argument within herself about it. An unpleasant taste came across the palate of her mind, as such a savour will sometimes, from some unexpected source, come across the palate of the mouth. Well; she could only gulp at it, and swallow it and excuse it. Among the salad that comes from your garden a bitter leaf will now and then make its way into your salad-bowl. Alas, there were so many bitter leaves ever making their way into her bowl! "What I mean is, Josiah, that no long explanation will be needed. I think, from what I remember of him, that he would do for us anything that he could do."

"Then I will go to the man, and will humble myself before him. Even that, hard as it is to me, may be a duty that I owe." Mr. Crawley as he said this was remembering the fact that he was a clergyman of the Church of England, and that he had a rank of his own in the country, which, did he ever do such a thing as go out to dinner in company, would establish for him a certain right of precedence; whereas this attorney, of whom he was speaking, was, so to say, nobody in the eyes of the world.

"There need be no humbling, Josiah, other than that which is due from man to man in all circumstances. But never mind; we will not

talk about that. If it seems good to you, go to Mr. Toogood. I think that it is good. May I write to him and say that you will go?"

"I will write myself; it will be more seemly."

Then the wife paused before she asked the next question,—paused for some minute or two, and then asked it with anxious doubt,—"And may I go with you, Josiah?"

"Why should two go when one can do the work?" he answered sharply. "Have we money so much at command?"

"Indeed, no."

"You should go and do it all, for you are wiser in these things than I am, were it not that I may not dare to show—that I submit myself to my wife."

"Nay, my dear!"

"But it is ay, my dear. It is so. This is a thing such as men do; not such as women do, unless they be forlorn and unaided of men. I know that I am weak where you are strong; that I am crazed where you are clear-witted.

"I meant not that, Josiah. It was of your health that I thought."

"Nevertheless it is as I say; but, for all that, it may not be that you should do my work. There are those watching me who would say, 'Lo! he confesses himself incapable.' And then some one would whisper something of a madhouse. Mary, I fear that worse than a prison."

"May God in His mercy forbid such cruelty!"

"But I must look to it, my dear. Do you think that that woman, who sits there at Barchester in high places, disgracing herself and that puny ecclesiastical lord who is her husband,—do you think that she would not immure me if she could? She is a she-wolf,—only less reasonable than the dumb brute as she sharpens her teeth in malice coming from anger, and not in malice coming from hunger as do the outer wolves of the forest. I tell you, Mary, that if she had a colourable ground for her action, she would swear to-morrow that I am mad."

"You shall go alone to London."

"Yes, I will go alone. They shall not say that I cannot yet do my own work as a man should do it. I stood up before him, the puny man who is called a bishop, and before her who makes herself great by his littleness, and I scorned them both to their faces. Though the shoes which I had on were all broken, as I myself could not but see when I stood, yet I was greater than they were with all their purple and fine linen."

"But, Josiah, my cousin will not be harsh to you."

"Well,—and if he be not?"

"Ill-usage you can bear; and violent ill-usage, such as that which Mrs. Proudie allowed herself to exhibit, you can repay with interest; but kindness seems to be too heavy a burden for you."

"I will struggle. I will endeavour. I will speak but little, and, if possible, I will listen much. Now, my dear, I will write to this man, and you shall give me the address that is proper for him." Then he wrote the letter, not accepting a word in the way of dictation from his wife, but "craving the great kindness of a short interview, for which he ventured to become a solicitor, urged thereto by his wife's assurance that one with whom he was connected by family ties would do as much as this for the possible preservation of the honour of the family." In answer to this, Mr. Toogood wrote back as follows:—"Dear Mr. Crawley, I will be at my office all Thursday morning next from ten to two, and will take care that you shan't be kept waiting for me above ten minutes. You parsons never like waiting. But hadn't you better come and breakfast with me and Maria at nine? then we'd have a talk as we walk to the office. Yours always, THOMAS TOOGOOD." And the letter was dated from the attorney's private house in Tavistock Square.

"I am sure he means to be kind," said Mrs. Crawley.

"Doubtless he means to be kind. But his kindness is rough;—I will not say unmannerly, as the word would be harsh. I have never even seen the lady whom he calls Maria."

"She is his wife!"

"So I would venture to suppose; but she is unknown to me. I will write again, and thank him, and say that I will be with him at ten to the moment."

There were still many things to be settled before the journey could be made. Mr. Crawley, in his first plan, proposed that he should go up by night mail train, travelling in the third class, having walked over to Silverbridge to meet it; that he should then walk about London from 5 A.M. to 10 A.M., and afterwards come down by an afternoon train to which a third class was also attached. But at last his wife persuaded him that such a task as that, performed in the middle of the winter, would be enough to kill any man, and that, if attempted, it would certainly kill him; and he consented at last to sleep the night in town,—being specially moved thereto by discovering that he could, in conformity with this scheme, get in and out of the train at a station considerably nearer to him than Silverbridge, and that he could get a

return-ticket at a third-class fare. The whole journey, he found, could be done for a pound, allowing him seven shillings for his night's expenses in London; and out of the resources of the family there were produced two sovereigns, so that in the event of accident he would not utterly be a castaway from want of funds.

So he started on his journey after an early dinner, almost hopeful through the new excitement of a journey to London, and his wife walked with him nearly as far as the station. "Do not reject my cousin's kindness," were the last words she spoke.

"For his professional kindness, if he will extend it to me, I will be most thankful," he replied. She did not dare to say more; nor had she dared to write privately to her cousin, asking for any special help, lest by doing so she should seem to impugn the sufficiency and stability of her husband's judgment. He got up to town late at night, and having made inquiry of one of the porters, he hired a bed for himself in the neighbourhood of the railway station. Here he had a cup of tea and a morsel of bread-and-butter, and in the morning he breakfasted again on the same fare. "No, I have no luggage," he had said to the girl at the public-house, who had asked him as to his travelling gear. "If luggage be needed as a certificate of respectability, I will pass on elsewhere," said he. The girl stared, and assured him that she did not doubt his respectability. "I am a clergyman of the Church of England," he had said, "but my circumstances prevent me from seeking a more expensive lodging." They did their best to make him comfortable, and, I think, almost disappointed him in not heaping further misfortunes on his head.

He was in Raymond's Buildings at half-past nine, and for half an hour walked up and down the umbrageous pavement,—it used to be umbrageous, but perhaps the trees have gone now,—before the doors of the various chambers. He could hear the clock strike from Gray's Inn; and the moment that it had struck he was turning in, but was encountered in the passage by Mr. Toogood, who was equally punctual with himself. Strange stories about Mr. Crawley had reached Mr. Toogood's household, and that Maria, the mention of whose Christian name had been so offensive to the clergyman, had begged her husband not to be a moment late. Poor Mr. Toogood, who on ordinary days did perhaps take a few minutes' grace, was thus hurried away almost with his breakfast in his throat, and, as we have seen, just saved himself. "Perhaps, sir, you are Mr. Crawley?" he said, in a good-humoured, cheery voice. He was a good-humoured, cheery-looking man, about fifty years of age, with grizzled hair and sunburnt face, and large

whiskers. Nobody would have taken him to be a partner in any of those great houses of which we have read in history,—the Quirk, Gammon and Snaps of the profession, or the Dodson and Foggs, who are immortal.

"That is my name, sir," said Mr. Crawley, taking off his hat and bowing low, "and I am here by appointment to meet Mr. Toogood, the solicitor, whose name I see affixed upon the door-post."

"I am Mr. Toogood, the solicitor, and I hope I see you quite well, Mr. Crawley." Then the attorney shook hands with the clergyman and preceded him upstairs to the front room on the first floor. "Here we are, Mr. Crawley, and pray take a chair. I wish you could have made it convenient to come and see us at home. We are rather long, as my wife says,—long in family, she means, and therefore are not very well off for spare beds——"

"Oh, sir."

"I've twelve of 'em living, Mr. Crawley,—from eighteen years, the eldest,—a girl, down to eighteen months the youngest,—a boy, and they go in and out, boy and girl, boy and girl, like the cogs of a wheel. They ain't such far away distant cousins from your own young ones—only first, once, as we call it."

"I am aware that there is a family tie, or I should not have ventured to trouble you."

"Blood is thicker than water; isn't it? I often say that. I heard of one of your girls only yesterday. She is staying somewhere down in the country, not far from where my sister lives—Mrs. Eames, the widow of poor John Eames, who never did any good in this world. I daresay you've heard of her?"

"The name is familiar to me, Mr. Toogood."

"Of course it is. I've a nephew down there just now, and he saw your girl the other day;—very highly he spoke of her too. Let me see;—how many is it you have?"

"Three living, Mr. Toogood."

"I've just four times three;—that's the difference. But I comfort myself with the text about the quiver you know; and I tell them that when they've eat up all the butter, they'll have to take their bread dry."

"I trust the young people take your teaching in a proper spirit."

"I don't know much about spirit. There's spirit enough. My second girl, Lucy, told me that if I came home to-day without tickets for the pantomime I shouldn't have any dinner allowed me. That's the way they treat me. But we understand each other at home. We're all

pretty good friends there, thank God. And there isn't a sick chick among the boiling."

"You have many mercies for which you should indeed be thankful," said Mr. Crawley, gravely.

"Yes, yes, yes; that's true. I think of that sometimes, though perhaps not so much as I ought to do. But the best way to be thankful is to use the goods the gods provide you. 'The lovely Thais sits beside you. Take the goods the gods provide you.' I often say that to my wife, till the children have got to calling her Thais. The children have it pretty much their own way with us, Mr. Crawley."

By this time Mr. Crawley was almost beside himself, and was altogether at a loss how to bring in the matter on which he wished to speak. He had expected to find a man who in the hurry of London business might perhaps just manage to spare him five minutes,—who would grapple instantly with the subject that was to be discussed between them, would speak to him half-a-dozen hard words of wisdom, and would then dismiss him and turn on the instant to other matters of important business;—but here was an easy familiar fellow, who seemed to have nothing on earth to do, and who at this first meeting had taken advantage of a distant family connexion to tell him everything about the affairs of his own household. And then how peculiar were the domestic traits which he told! What was Mr. Crawley to say to a man who had taught his own children to call their mother Thais? Of Thais Mr. Crawley did know something, and he forgot to remember that perhaps Mr. Toogood knew less. He felt it, however, to be very difficult to submit the details of his case to a gentleman who talked in such a strain about his own wife and children.

But something must be done. Mr. Crawley, in his present frame of mind, could not sit and talk about Thais all day. "Sir," he said, "the picture of your home is very pleasant, and I presume that plenty abounds there."

"Well, you know, pretty toll-loll for that. With twelve of 'em, Mr. Crawley, I needn't tell you they are not all going to have castles and parks of their own, unless they can get 'em off their own bats. But I pay upwards of a hundred a year each for my eldest three boys' schooling, and I've been paying eighty for the girls. Put that and that together and see what it comes to. Educate, educate, educate; that's my word."

"No better word can be spoken, sir."

"I don't think there's a girl in Tavistock Square that can beat Polly,—she's the eldest, called after her mother, you know;—that can

beat her at the piano. And Lucy has read Lord Byron and Tom Moore all through, every word of 'em. By Jove, I believe she knows most of Tom Moore by heart. And the young uns are coming on just as well."

"Perhaps, sir, as your time is, no doubt, precious ——"

"Just at this time of the day we don't care so much about it, Mr. Crawley; and one doesn't catch a new cousin every day, you know."

"However, if you will allow me, ——"

"We'll tackle to? Very well; so be it. Now, Mr. Crawley, let me hear what it is that I can do for you." Of a sudden, as Mr. Toogood spoke these last words, the whole tone of his voice seemed to change, and even the position of his body became so much altered as to indicate a different kind of man. "You just tell your story in your own way, and I won't interrupt you till you've done. That's always the best."

"I must first crave your attention to an unfortunate preliminary," said Mr. Crawley.

"And what is that?"

"I come before you in formâ pauperis." Here Mr. Crawley paused and stood up before the attorney with his hands crossed one upon the other, bending low, as though calling attention to the poorness of his raiment. "I know that I have no justification for my conduct. I have nothing of reason to offer why I should trespass upon your time. I am a poor man, and cannot pay you for your services."

"Oh, bother!" said Mr. Toogood, jumping up out of his chair.

"I do not know whether your charity will grant me that which I ask——"

"Don't let's have any more of this," said the attorney. "We none of us like this kind of thing at all. If I can be of any service to you, you're as welcome to it as flowers in May; and as for billing my first-cousin, which your wife is, I should as soon think of sending in an account to my own."

"But, Mr. Toogood,——"

"Do you go on now with your story; I'll put the rest all right."

"I was bound to be explicit, Mr. Toogood."

"Very well; now you have been explicit with a vengeance, and you may heave a-head. Let's hear the story, and if I can help you I will. When I've said that, you may be sure I mean it. I've heard something of it before; but let me hear it all from you."

Then Mr. Crawley began and told the story. Mr. Toogood was actually true to his promise and let the narrator go on with his narrative without interruption. When Mr. Crawley came to his own statement that the cheque had been paid to him by Mr. Soames, and went on to say that that statement had been false,—"I told him that, but I told him so wrongly," and then paused, thinking that the lawyer would ask some question, Mr. Toogood simply said, "Go on; go on. I'll come back to all that when you've done." And he merely nodded his head when Mr. Crawley spoke of his second statement, that the money had come from the dean. "We had been bound together by close ties of early familiarity," said Mr. Crawley, "and in former years our estates in life were the same. But he has prospered and I have failed. And when creditors were importunate, I consented to accept relief in money which had previously been often offered. And I must acknowledge, Mr. Toogood, while saying this, that I have known,—have known with heartfelt agony,—that at former times my wife has taken that from my friend Mr. Arabin, with hand half-hidden from me, which I have refused. Whether it be better to eat—the bread of charity,—or not to eat bread at all, I, for myself, have no doubt," he said; "but when the want strikes one's wife and children, and the charity strikes only oneself, then there is a doubt." When he spoke thus, Mr. Toogood got up, and thrusting his hands into his waistcoat pockets walked about the room, exclaiming, "By George, by George, by George!" But he still let the man go on with his story, and heard him out at last to the end.

"And they committed you for trial at the next Barchester assizes?" said the lawyer.

"They did."

"And you employed no lawyer before the magistrates?"

"None;—I refused to employ any one."

"You were wrong there, Mr. Crawley. I must be allowed to say that you were wrong there."

"I may possibly have been so from your point of view, Mr. Toogood; but permit me to explain. I ——"

"It's no good explaining now. Of course you must employ a lawyer for your defence,—an attorney who will put the case into the hands of counsel."

"But that I cannot do, Mr. Toogood."

"You must do it. If you don't do it, your friends should do it for you. If you don't do it, everybody will say you're mad. There isn't a single solicitor you could find within half a mile of you at this moment

who wouldn't give you the same advice,—not a single man, either, who has got a head on his shoulders worth a turnip."

When Mr. Crawley was told that madness would be laid to his charge if he did not do as he was bid, his face became very black, and assumed something of that look of determined obstinacy which it had worn when he was standing in the presence of the bishop and Mrs. Proudie. "It may be so," he said. "It may be as you say, Mr. Toogood. But these neighbours of yours, as to whose collected wisdom you speak with so much certainty, would hardly recommend me to indulge in a luxury for which I have no means of paying."

"Who thinks about paying under such circumstances as these?"

"I do, Mr. Toogood."

"The wretchedest costermonger that comes to grief has a barrister in a wig and gown to give him his chance of escape."

"But I am not a costermonger, Mr. Toogood,—though more wretched perhaps than any costermonger now in existence. It is my lot to have to endure the sufferings of poverty, and at the same time not to be exempt from those feelings of honour to which poverty is seldom subject. I cannot afford to call in legal assistance for which I cannot pay,—and I will not do it."

"I'll carry the case through for you. It certainly is not just my line of business,—but I'll see it carried through for you."

"Out of your own pocket?"

"Never mind; when I say I'll do a thing, I'll do it."

"No, Mr. Toogood; this thing you can not do. But do not suppose I am the less grateful."

"What is it I can do then? Why do you come to me if you won't take my advice?"

After this the conversation went on for a considerable time without touching on any point which need be brought palpably before the reader's eye. The attorney continued to beg the clergyman to have his case managed in the usual way, and went so far as to tell him that he would be ill-treating his wife and family if he continued to be obstinate. But the clergyman was not shaken from his resolve, and was at last able to ask Mr. Toogood what he had better do,—how he had better attempt to defend himself,—on the understanding that no legal aid was to be employed. When this question was at last asked in such a way as to demand an answer, Mr. Toogood sat for a moment or two in silence. He felt that an answer was not only demanded, but almost enforced; and yet there might be much difficulty in giving it.

"Mr. Toogood," said Mr. Crawley, seeing the attorney's hesitation,

"I declare to you before God, that my only object will be to enable the jury to know about this sad matter all that I know myself. If I could open my breast to them I should be satisfied. But then a prisoner can say nothing; and what he does say is ever accounted false."

"That is why you should have legal assistance."

"We had already come to a conclusion on that matter, as I thought," said Mr. Crawley.

Mr. Toogood paused for another moment or two, and then dashed at his answer; or rather, dashed at a counter question. "Mr. Crawley, where did you get the cheque? You must pardon me, you know; or, if you wish it, I will not press the question. But so much hangs on that, you know."

"Every thing would hang on it,—if I only knew."

"You mean that you forget?"

"Absolutely; totally. I wish, Mr. Toogood, I could explain to you the toilsome perseverance with which I have cudgelled my poor brains, endeavouring to extract from them some scintilla of memory that would aid me."

"Could you have picked it up in the house?"

"No;—no; that I did not do. Dull as I am, I know so much. It was mine of right, from whatever source it came to me. I know myself as no one else can know me, in spite of the wise man's motto. Had I picked up a cheque in my house, or on the road, I should not have slept till I had taken steps to restore it to the seeming owner. So much I can say. But, otherwise, I am in such matters so shandy-pated, that I can trust myself to be sure of nothing. I thought;—I certainly thought——"

"You thought what?"

"I thought that it had been given to me by my friend the dean. I remember well that I was in his library at Barchester, and I was somewhat provoked in spirit. There were lying on the floor hundreds of volumes, all glittering with gold, and reeking with new leather from the binders. He asked me to look at his toys. Why should I look at them? There was a time, but the other day it seemed, when he had been glad to borrow from me such treasures as I had. And it seemed to me that he was heartless in showing me these things. Well; I need not trouble you with all that."

"Go on;—go on. Let me hear it all, and I shall learn something."

"I know now how vain, how vile I was. I always know afterwards how low the spirit has grovelled. I had gone to him then because I had

resolved to humble myself, and, for my wife's sake, to ask my friend—for money. With words which were very awkward,—which no doubt were ungracious — I had asked him, and he had bid me follow him from his hall into his library. There he left me awhile, and on returning told me with a smile that he had sent for money,—and, if I can remember, the sum he named was fifty pounds."

"But it has turned out, as you say, that you have payed fifty pounds with his money,—besides the cheque."

"That is true;—that is quite true. There is no doubt of that. But as I was saying,—then he fell to talking about the books, and I was angered. I was very sore in my heart. From the moment in which the words of beggary had passed from my lips, I had repented. And he had laughed and had taken it gaily. I turned upon him and told him that I had changed my mind. I was grateful, but I would not have his money. And so I prepared to go. But he argued with me, and would not let me go,—telling me of my wife and of my children, and while he argued there came a knock at the door, and something was handed in, and I knew that it was the hand of his wife."

"It was the money, I suppose?"

"Yes, Mr. Toogood; it was the money. And I became the more uneasy, because she herself is rich. I liked it the less because it seemed to come from her hand. But I took it. What could I do when he reminded me that I could not keep my parish unless certain sums were paid? He gave me a little parcel in a cover, and I took it,—and left him sorrowing. I had never before come quite to that;—though, indeed, it had in fact been often so before. What was the difference whether the alms were given into my hands or into my wife's?"

"You are too touchy about it all, Mr. Crawley."

"Of course I am. Do you try it, and see whether you will be touchy. You have worked hard at your profession, I daresay."

"Well, yes; pretty well. To tell the truth, I have worked hard. By George, yes! It's not so bad now as it used to be."

"But you have always earned your bread; bread for yourself, and bread for your wife and little ones. You can buy tickets for the play."

"I couldn't always buy tickets, mind you."

"I have worked as hard, and yet I cannot get bread. I am older than you, and I cannot earn my bare bread. Look at my clothes. If you had to go and beg from Mr. Crump, would not you be touchy?"

"As it happens, Crump isn't so well off as I am."

"Never mind. But I took it, and went home, and for two days I

did not look at it. And then there came an illness upon me, and I know not what passed. But two men who had been hard on me came to the house when I was out, and my wife was in a terrible state; and I gave her the money, and she went into Silverbridge and paid them.

"And this cheque was with what you gave her?"

"No; I gave her money in notes,—just fifty pounds. When I gave it her, I thought I gave it all; and yet afterwards I thought I remembered that in my illness I had found the cheque with the dean's money. But it was not so."

"You are sure of that?"

"He has said that he put five notes of 10*l.* each into the cover, and such notes I certainly gave to my wife."

"Where then did you get the cheque?" Mr. Crawley again paused before he answered. "Surely, if you will exert your mind, you will remember," said the lawyer. "Where did you get the cheque?"

"I do not know."

Mr. Toogood threw himself back in his chair, took his knee up into his lap to nurse it, and began to think of it. He sat thinking of it for some minutes without a word,—perhaps for five minutes, though the time seemed to be much longer to Mr. Crawley, who was, however, determined that he would not interrupt him. And Mr. Toogood's thoughts were at variance with Mr. Toogood's former words. Perhaps, after all, this scheme of Mr. Crawley's,—or rather the mode of defence on which he had resolved without any scheme,—might be the best of which the case admitted. It might be well that he should go into court without a lawyer. "He has convinced me of his innocence," Mr. Toogood said to himself, "and why should he not convince a jury? He has convinced me, not because I am specially soft, or because I love the man,—for as to that I dislike him rather than otherwise;—but because there is either real truth in his words, or else so well-feigned a show of truth that no jury can tell the difference. I think it is true. By George, I think he did get the twenty pounds honestly, and that he does not this moment know where he got it. He may have put his finger into my eye; but, if so, why not also into the eyes of a jury?" Then he released his leg, and spoke something of his thoughts aloud. "It's a sad story," he said; "a very sad story."

"Well, yes, it's sad enough. If you could see my house, you'd say so."

"I haven't a doubt but what you're as innocent as I am." Mr. Toogood, as he said this, felt a little twinge of conscience. He did

believe Mr. Crawley to be innocent, but he was not so sure of it as his words would seem to imply. Nevertheless he repeated the words again ;—"as innocent as I am."

"I don't know," said Mr. Crawley. "I don't know. I think I am; but I don't know."

"I believe you are. But you see the case is a very distressing one. A jury has a right to say that the man in possession of a cheque for twenty pounds should account for his possession of it. If I understand the story aright, Mr. Soames will be able to prove that he brought the cheque into your house, and, as far as he knows, never took it out again."

"I suppose so ; all the same, if he brought it in, then did he also take it out again."

"I am saying what he will prove,—or, in other words, what he will state upon oath. You can't contradict him. You can't get into the box to do it,—even if that would be of any avail ; and I am glad that you cannot, as it would be of no avail. And you can put no one else into the box who can do so."

"No ; no."

"That is to say, we think you cannot do so. People can do so many things that they don't think they can do ; and can't do so many things that they think that they can do ! When will the dean be home ? "

"I don't know."

"Before the trial ? "

"I don't know. I have no idea."

"It's almost a toss-up whether he'd do more harm or good if he were there."

"I wish he might be there if he has anything to say, whether it might be for harm or good."

"And Mrs. Arabin ;—she is with him ? "

"They tell me she is not. She is in Europe. He is in Palestine."

"In Palestine, is he ? "

"So they tell me. A dean can go where he likes. He has no cure of souls to stand in the way of his pleasures."

"He hasn't,—hasn't he ? I wish I were a dean ; that is, if I were not a lawyer. Might I write a line to the dean,—and to Mrs. Dean, if it seemed fit ? You wouldn't mind that ? As you have come to see your cousin at last,—and very glad I am that you have,—you must leave him a little discretion. I won't say anything I oughtn't to say." Mr. Crawley opposed this scheme for some time, but at last consented

to the proposition. "And I'll tell you what, Mr. Crawley; I am very fond of cathedrals, I am indeed; and I have long wanted to see Barchester. There's a very fine what-you-may-call-em; isn't there? Well; I'll just run down at the assizes. We have nothing to do in London when the judges are in the country,—of course." Mr. Toogood looked into Mr. Crawley's eyes as he said this, to see if his iniquity were detected, but the perpetual curate was altogether innocent in these matters. "Yes; I'll just run down for a mouthful of fresh air. Of course I shan't open my mouth in court. But I might say one word to the dean, if he's there;—and one word to Mr. Soames. Who is conducting the prosecution?" Mr. Crawley said that Mr. Walker was doing so. "Walker, Walker, Walker? oh,—yes; Walker and Winthrop, isn't it? A decent sort of man, I suppose?"

"I have heard nothing to his discredit, Mr. Toogood."

"And that's saying a great deal for a lawyer. Well, Mr. Crawley, if nothing else comes out between this and that,—nothing, that is, that shall clear your memory about that unfortunate bit of paper, you must simply tell your story to the jury as you've told it to me. I don't think any twelve men in England would convict you;—I don't indeed."

"You think they would not?"

"Of course I've only heard one side, Mr. Crawley."

"No,—no,—no, that is true."

"But judging as well as I can judge from one side, I don't think a jury can convict you. At any rate I'll see you at Barchester, and I'll write a line or two before the trial, just to find out anything that can be found out. And you're sure you won't come and take a bit of mutton with us in the Square? The girls would be delighted to see you, and so would Maria." Mr. Crawley said that he was quite sure he could not do that, and then having tendered reiterated thanks to his new friend in words which were touching in spite of their old-fashioned gravity, he took his leave, and walked back again to the public-house at Paddington.

He returned home to Hogglestock on the same afternoon, reaching that place at nine in the evening. During the whole of the day after leaving Raymond's Buildings he was thinking of the lawyer, and of the words which the lawyer had spoken. Although he had been disposed to quarrel with Mr. Toogood on many points, although he had been more than once disgusted by the attorney's bad taste, shocked by his low morality, and almost insulted by his easy familiarity, still, when the interview was over, he liked the attorney. When first Mr. Toogood had begun to talk, he regretted very much that he had subjected him-

self to the necessity of discussing his private affairs with such a windbag of a man; but when he left the chamber he trusted Mr. Toogood altogether, and was very glad that he had sought his aid. He was tired and exhausted when he reached home, as he had eaten nothing but a biscuit or two since his breakfast; but his wife got him food and tea, and then asked him as to his success. "Was my cousin kind to you?"

"Very kind,—more than kind,—perhaps somewhat too pressing in his kindness. But I find no fault. God forbid that I should. He is, I think, a good man, and certainly has been good to me."

"And what is to be done?"

"He will write to the dean."

"I am glad of that."

"And he will be at Barchester.'

"Thank God for that."

"But not as my lawyer."

"Nevertheless, I thank God that some one will be there who will know how to give you assistance and advice."

---

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### *THE PLUMSTEAD FOXES.*

The letters had been brought into the breakfast-parlour at Plumstead Rectory one morning, and the archdeacon had inspected them all, and then thrown over to his wife her share of the spoil,—as was the custom of the house. As to most of Mrs. Grantly's letters, he never made any further inquiry. To letters from her sister, the dean's wife, he was profoundly indifferent, and rarely made any inquiry as to those which were directed in writing with which he was not familiar. But there were others as to which, as Mrs. Grantly knew, he would be sure to ask her questions if she did not show them. No note ever reached her from Lady Hartletop as to which he was not curious, and yet Lady Hartletop's notes very seldom contained much that was of interest. Now, on this morning, there came a letter which, as a matter of course, Mrs. Grantly read at breakfast, and which, she knew, would not be allowed to disappear without inquiry. Nor, indeed, did she wish to keep the letter from her husband. It was too important to be so treated. But she would have been glad to gain time to think in what spirit she would discuss the contents of the letter,—if only such time

might be allowed to her. But the archdeacon would allow her no time. "What does Henry say, my dear?" he asked, before the breakfast things had been taken away.

"What does he say? Well; he says——. I'll give you his letter to read by-and-by."

"And why not now?"

"I thought I'd read it again myself, first."

"But if you have read it, I suppose you know what's in it?"

"Not very clearly, as yet. However, there it is." She knew very well that when she had once been asked for it, no peace would be allowed to her till he had seen it. And, alas! there was not much probability of peace in the house for some time after he should see it.

The archdeacon read the three or four first lines in silence,—and then he burst out. "He has, has he? Then, by heavens——"

"Stop, dearest; stop," said his wife, rising from her chair and coming over to him; "do not say words which you will surely repent."

"I will say words which shall make him repent. He shall never have from me a son's portion."

"Do not make threats in anger. Do not! You know that it is wrong. If he has offended you, say nothing about it,—even to yourself,—as to threatened punishments, till you can judge of the offence in cool blood."

"I am cool," said the archdeacon.

"No, my dear; no; you are angry. And you have not even read his letter through."

"I will read his letter."

"You will see that the marriage is not imminent. It may be that even yet it will never take place. The young lady has refused him."

"Psha!"

"You will see that she has done so. He tells us so himself. And she has behaved very properly."

"Why has she refused him?"

"There can be no doubt about the reason. She feels that, with this charge hanging over her father, she is not in a position to become the wife of any gentleman. You cannot but respect her for that."

Then the archdeacon finished his son's letter, uttering sundry interjections and ejaculations as he did so.

"Of course; I knew it. I understood it all," he said at last. "I've nothing to do with the girl. I don't care whether she be good or bad."

"Oh, my dear!"

"I care not at all,—with reference to my own concerns. Of course

I would wish that the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman,—that the daughter of any neighbour,—that the daughter of any one whatsoever,—should be good rather than bad. But as regards Henry and me, and our mutual relation, her goodness can make no difference. Let her be another Grizel, and still such a marriage must estrange him from me, and me from him."

"But she has refused him."

"Yes; and what does he say?—that he has told her that he will not accept her refusal. Of course we know what it all means. The girl I am not judging. The girl I will not judge. But my own son, to whom I have ever done a father's duty with a father's affectionate indulgence,—him I will judge. I have warned him, and he declares himself to be careless of my warning. I shall take no notice of this letter. I shall neither write to him about it, or speak to him about it. But I charge you to write to him, and tell him that if he does this thing he shall not have a child's portion from me. It is not that I will shorten that which would have been his; but he shall have—nothing!" Then, having spoken these words with a solemnity which for the moment silenced his wife, he got up and left the room. He left the room and closed the door, but, before he had gone half the length of the hall towards his own study, he returned and addressed his wife again. "You understand my instructions, I hope?"

"What instructions?"

"That you write to Henry and tell him what I say."

"I will speak again to you about it by-and-by."

"I will speak no more about it,—not a word more. Let there be not a word more said, but oblige me by doing as I ask you."

Then he was again about to leave the room, but she stopped him. "Wait a moment, my dear."

"Why should I wait?"

"That you may listen to me. Surely you will do that, when I ask you. I will write to Henry, of course, if you bid me; and I will give him your message, whatever it may be; but not to-day, my dear."

"Why not to-day?"

"Because the sun shall go down upon your wrath before I become its messenger. If you choose to write to-day yourself, I cannot help it. I cannot hinder you. If I am to write to him on your behalf I will take my instructions from you to-morrow morning. When to-morrow morning comes you will not be angry with me because of the delay."

The archdeacon was by no means satisfied; but he knew his wife too well, and himself too well, and the world too well, to

insist on the immediate gratification of his passion. Over his bosom's mistress he did exercise a certain marital control,—which was, for instance, quite sufficiently fixed to enable him to look down with thorough contempt on such a one as Bishop Proudie; but he was not a despot who could exact a passive obedience to every fantasy. His wife would not have written the letter for him on that day, and he knew very well that she would not do so. He knew also that she was right;—and yet he regretted his want of power. His anger at the present moment was very hot,—so hot that he wished to wreak it. He knew that it would cool before the morrow;—and, no doubt, knew also theoretically, that it would be most fitting that it should cool. But not the less was it a matter of regret to him that so much good hot anger should be wasted, and that he could not have his will of his disobedient son while it lasted. He might, no doubt, have written himself, but to have done so would not have suited him. Even in his anger he could not have written to his son without using the ordinary terms of affection, and in his anger he could not bring himself to use those terms. "You will find that I shall be of the same mind to-morrow,—exactly," he said to his wife. "I have resolved about it long since; and it is not likely that I shall change in a day." Then he went out, about his parish, intending to continue to think of his son's iniquity, so that he might keep his anger hot,—red hot. Then he remembered that the evening would come, and that he would say his prayers; and he shook his head in regret,—in a regret of which he was only half conscious, though it was very keen, and which he did not attempt to analyze,—as he reflected that his rage would hardly be able to survive that ordeal. How common with us it is to repine that the devil is not stronger over us than he is.

The archdeacon, who was a very wealthy man, had purchased a property in Plumstead, contiguous to the glebe-land, and had thus come to exercise in the parish the double duty of rector and squire. And of this estate in Barsetshire, which extended beyond the confines of Plumstead into the neighbouring parish of Eiderdown, and which comprised also an outlying farm in the parish of Stogpingum,—Stoke Pinguium would have been the proper name had not barbarous Saxon tongues clipped it of its proper proportions,—he had always intended that his son Charles should enjoy the inheritance. There was other property, both in land and in money, for his elder son, and other again for the maintenance of his wife,—for the archdeacon's father had been for many years Bishop of Barchester, and such a bishopric as that of Barchester had been in those days was worth money. Of his intention

in this respect he had never spoken in plain language to either of his sons; but the major had for the last year or two enjoyed the shooting of the Barsetshire covers, giving what orders he pleased about the game; and the father had encouraged him to take something like the management of the property into his hands. There might be some fifteen hundred acres of it altogether, and the archdeacon had rejoiced over it with his wife scores of times, saying that there was many a squire in the county whose elder son would never find himself half so well placed as would his own younger son. Now there was a string of narrow woods called Plumstead Coppices which ran from a point near the church right across the parish, dividing the archdeacon's land from the Ullathorne estate, and these coppices, or belts of woodland, belonged to the archdeacon. On the morning of which we are speaking, the archdeacon, mounted on his cob, still thinking of his son's iniquity and of his own fixed resolve to punish him as he had said that he would punish him, opened with his whip a woodland gate, from which a green muddy lane led through the trees up to the house of his gamekeeper. The man's wife was ill, and in his ordinary way of business the archdeacon was about to call and ask after her health. At the door of the cottage he found the man, who was woodman as well as gamekeeper, and was responsible for fences and faggots, as well as for foxes and pheasants' eggs.

"How's Martha, Flurry?" said the archdeacon.

"Thanking your reverence, she be a deal improved since the mistress was here,—last Tuesday it was, I think."

"I'm glad of that. It was only rheumatism, I suppose?"

"Just a tich of fever with it, your reverence, the doctor said."

"Tell her I was asking after it. I won't mind getting down to-day, as I am rather busy. She has had what she wanted from the house?"

"The mistress has been very good in that way. She always is, God bless her!"

"Good-day to you, Flurry. I'll ask Mr. Sims to come and read to her a bit this afternoon, or to-morrow morning." The archdeacon kept two curates, and Mr. Sims was one of them.

"She'll take it very kindly, your reverence. But while you are here, sir, there's just a word I'd like to say. I didn't happen to catch Mr. Henry when he was here the other day."

"Never mind Mr. Henry; what is it you have to say?"

"I do think, I do indeed, sir, that Mr. Thorne's man ain't dealing fairly along of the foxes. I wouldn't say a word about it, only that Mr. Henry is so particular."

"What about the foxes? What is he doing with the foxes?"

"Well, sir, he's a trapping on 'em. He is, indeed, your reverence. I wouldn't speak if I warn't well nigh mortial sure."

Now the archdeacon had never been a hunting man, though in his early days many a clergyman had been in the habit of hunting without losing his clerical character by doing so; but he had lived all his life among gentlemen in a hunting county, and had his own very strong ideas about the trapping of foxes. Foxes first, and pheasants afterwards, had always been the rule with him as to any land of which he himself had had the management. And no man understood better than he did how to deal with keepers as to this matter of fox-preserving, or knew better that keepers will in truth obey not the words of their employers, but their sympathies. "Wish them to have foxes, and pay them, and they will have them," Mr. Sowerby of Chaldicotes used to say, and he in his day was reckoned to be the best preserver of foxes in Barsetshire. "Tell them to have them, and don't wish it, and pay them well, and you won't have a fox to interfere with your game. I don't care what a man says to me, I can read it all like a book when I see his covers drawn." That was what poor Mr. Sowerby of Chaldicotes used to say, and the archdeacon had heard him say it a score of times, and had learned the lesson. But now his heart was not with the foxes,—and especially not with the foxes on behalf of his son Henry. "I can't have any meddling with Mr. Thorne," he said; "I can't, and I won't."

"But I don't suppose it can be Mr. Thorne's order, your reverence; and Mr. Henry is so particular."

"Of course it isn't Mr. Thorne's order. Mr. Thorne has been a hunting man all his life."

"But he have guv' up now, your reverence. He ain't a hunted these two years."

"I'm sure he wouldn't have the foxes trapped."

"Not if he knowed it, he wouldn't, your reverence. A gentleman of the likes of him, who's been a hunting over fifty year, wouldn't do the likes of that; but the foxes is trapped, and Mr. Henry 'll be a putting it on me if I don't speak out. They is Plumstead foxes, too; and a vixen was trapped just across the field yonder, in Goshall Springs, no later than yesterday morning." Flurry was now thoroughly in earnest; and, indeed, the trapping of a vixen in February is a serious thing.

"Goshall Springs don't belong to me," said the archdeacon.

"No, your reverence; they're on the Ullathorne property. But a

word from your reverence would do it. Mr. Henry thinks more of the foxes than anything. The last word he told me was that it would break his heart if he saw the coppices drawn blank."

"Then he must break his heart." The words were pronounced, but the archdeacon had so much command over himself as to speak them in such a voice that the man should not hear them. But it was incumbent on him to say something that the man should hear. "I will have no meddling in the matter, Flurry. Whether there are foxes or whether there are not, is matter of no great moment. I will not have a word said to annoy Mr. Thorne." Then he rode away, back through the wood and out on to the road, and the horse walked with him leisurely on, whither the archdeacon hardly knew,—for he was thinking, thinking, thinking. "Well;—if that ain't the darn'dest thing that ever was," said Flurry; "but I'll tell the squire about Thorne's man,—darned if I don't." Now "the squire" was young Squire Gresham, the master of the East Barsetshire hounds.

But the archdeacon went on thinking, thinking, thinking. He could have heard nothing of his son to stir him more in his favour than this strong evidence of his partiality for foxes. I do not mean it to be understood that the archdeacon regarded foxes as better than active charity, or a contented mind, or a meek spirit, or than self-denying temperance. No doubt all these virtues did hold in his mind their proper places, altogether beyond contamination of foxes. But he had prided himself on thinking that his son should be a country gentleman, and, probably nothing doubting as to the major's active charity and other virtues, was delighted to receive evidence of those tastes which he had ever wished to encourage in his son's character. Or rather, such evidence would have delighted him at any other time than the present. Now it only added more gall to his cup. "Why should he teach himself to care for such things, when he has not the spirit to enjoy them," said the archdeacon to himself. "He is a fool,—a fool. A man that has been married once, to go crazy after a little girl, that has hardly a dress to her back, and who never was in a drawing-room in her life! Charles is the eldest, and he shall be the eldest. It will be better to keep it together. It is the way in which the country has become what it is." He was out nearly all day, and did not see his wife till dinner-time. Her father, Mr. Harding, was still with them, but had breakfasted in his own room. Not a word, therefore, was said about Henry Grantly between the father and mother on that evening.

Mrs. Grantly was determined that, unless provoked, she would say nothing to him till the following morning. He should sleep upon his

wrath before she spoke to him again. And he was equally unwilling to recur to the subject. Had she permitted it, the next morning would have passed away, and no word would have been spoken. But this would not have suited her. She had his orders to write, and she had undertaken to obey these orders,—with the delay of one day. Were she not to write at all,—or in writing to send no message from the father, there would be cause for further anger. And yet this, I think, was what the archdeacon wished.

"Archdeacon," she said, "I shall write to Henry to-day."

"Very well."

"And what am I to say from you?"

"I told you yesterday what are my intentions."

"I am not asking about that now. We hope there will be years and years to come, in which you may change them, and shape them as you will. What shall I tell him now from you?"

"I have nothing to say to him,—nothing; not a word. He knows what he has to expect from me, for I have told him. He is acting with his eyes open, and so am I. If he marries Miss Crawley, he must live on his own means. I told him that myself so plainly, that he can want no further intimation." Then Mrs. Grantly knew that she was absolved from the burden of yesterday's message, and she plumed herself on the prudence of her conduct. On the same morning the archdeacon wrote the following note:—

"Dear Thorne,—

"My man tells me that foxes have been trapped on Darvell's farm, just outside the coppices. I know nothing of it myself, but I am sure you'll look to it.

"Yours always,

"T. Grantly."

# COLES'S ALGA MARINA,

## A Concentrated Essence of the Sea-Weed,

Exercises a wonderful power, as an External Remedy, over RHEUMATISM and RHEUMATIC GOUT, LUMBAGO, &c., even in their most aggravated forms, often curing these distressing maladies after a few applications, and invariably conquering the most obstinate cases by a reasonable perseverance in its use.

The following Testimonials are a few amongst numbers received in confirmation of the above statement:—

**CURE OF CHRONIC RHEUMATISM OF SEVEN YEARS' STANDING.**

*Teignbridge House, near Newton Abbot, Devon, May 1st, 1855.*

Sir,—After suffering for more than seven years from Chronic Rheumatism, and having tried numerous remedies with little benefit, I was induced to try the ALGA MARINA, and after applying it as directed for about six weeks, I was relieved, and in a short time quite free from pain; I have allowed more than a year to pass, and not felt the least return of my previous sufferings. I think it right you should know of this perfect cure.

You are at liberty to add this testimony of the benefit of your preparation. I am, yours &c.,

J. COLES, ESQ. JOHN WINTER.

**THE ALGA MARINA AS A REMEDY FOR CHILBLAINS.**

*London, October, 1855.*

Sir,—I have great pleasure in acknowledging that COLES'S ALGA MARINA is the best remedy for Chilblains that I ever met with; I now purpose employing it on all occasions. Yours faithfully,

Mr. KEATING. J. COLLIS BROWNE, M.D., *Army Medical Staff.*

*Sold in Bottles, at 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each, by*

**T. KEATING, 79, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, LONDON.**

# KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

A CERTAIN REMEDY for DISORDERS of the PULMONARY ORGANS: in Difficulty of Breathing—in Redundancy of Phlegm—in Incipient CONSUMPTION (of which COUGH is the most positive indication), they are of unerring efficacy. In ASTHMA, and in WINTER COUGH, they have *never* been known to fail.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES are free from every deleterious ingredient; they may, therefore, be taken at all times *by the most delicate female and by the youngest child;* while the PUBLIC SPEAKER and the PROFESSIONAL SINGER will find them invaluable in allaying the hoarseness and irritation incidental to vocal exertion, and consequently a powerful auxiliary in the production of Melodious Enunciation.

**VALUABLE TESTIMONIALS.**

**Copy of a Letter from the late COLONEL HAWKER (the well-known author on "Guns and Shooting.")**

*Longparish House, near Whitchurch, Hants, Oct. 21st, 1846.*

Sir,—I cannot resist informing you of the extraordinary effect I have experienced by taking only a few of your LOZENGES. I had a cough for several weeks that defied all that had been prescribed for me; and yet I got completely rid of it by taking about half a small box of your LOZENGES, which I find are the only ones that relieve the cough without deranging the stomach or digestive organs. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

To Mr. KEATING, 79, St. Paul's Churchyard. P. HAWKER.

**CURE OF ASTHMA OF SEVERAL YEARS' STANDING.**

*Cainscross, near Stroud, Gloucestershire.*

Sir,—Having been troubled with Asthma for several years, I could find no relief from any medicine whatever, until I was induced about two years ago to try a box of your valuable LOZENGES, and found such relief from them that I am determined for the future never to be without a box of them in the house, and will do all in my power to recommend them to my friends.

If you consider the above Testimonial of any advantage, you are quite at liberty to make what use of it you please. I am, Sir, your most obliged servant,

THOMAS KEATING, ESQ. W. J. TRIGG.

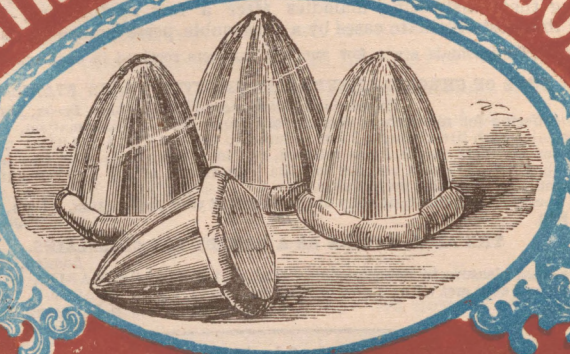
*Prepared and Sold in Boxes, 1s. 1½d., and Tins, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each.*

**THOMAS KEATING, CHEMIST, &C.,**

**79, SAINT PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, LONDON.**

**RETAIL BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND PATENT MEDICINE VENDORS IN THE WORLD.**

# THE ANTHELMINTIC BON BON



# OR CHILDREN'S WORM TABLET

A PURELY VEGETABLE SWEETMEAT both in appearance and taste, furnishing a most agreeable method of administering a well known remedy for INTESTINAL or THREAD WORMS.

It is a perfectly safe and mild preparation; and is especially adapted for Children, being as harmless in its action as it is prompt and certain in its effects; and may be taken with impunity by the most delicate constitution.

## DIRECTIONS FOR USE.

**The Dose is from One to Three Tablets for a Child, and from Three to Five for an Adult. It dissolves in the mouth like any other sugar-plum, and may be repeated twice or thrice a week until the proper effect is produced.**

## TESTIMONIALS.

*From the Rev. J. S. TOFT, Frankton, October 19th, 1859.*

MY DEAR SIR,—I am happy to inform you that the WORM TABLETS you kindly sent me, have, with the blessing of God perfectly cured my boy. I esteem it, therefore, an act of pure justice and candour that I should acquaint you with the happy result. You are at liberty to make this statement public for the benefit of others who may be similarly afflicted. With feelings of gratitude,

I remain, yours truly,

JOHN S. TOFT.

To Mr. G. DRAYTON, Shrewsbury.

*Tiverton, June 24, 1859.*

DEAR SIR,—I have to thank you for your kindness in sending me a small Box of your WORM TABLETS a few weeks since; I believe they saved my child's life. He had been under Medical attendance for more than three weeks, and was reduced to a mere skeleton, and we expected every hour would be his last I am now happy to tell you he took only one of your Tablets the morning after they arrived, and the next day he voided a Worm eight to nine inches long. It was evident that this was the cause of the child's illness Have the kindness to send me a 4s. 6d. Box.

Yours obliged,

W. ADAMS.

To Mr. KEATING, 72, St. Paul's Churchyard.

PREPARED BY

## THOMAS KEATING,

79, SAINT PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, LONDON.

**In Tins, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d. each, and**

*In Bottles for Warm Climates.*

**Put up in small boxes "specially" for post, which will be forwarded on receipt of 14 stamps**

CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED

# PENNY READINGS,

CONDUCTED BY

TOM HOOD.

WEEKLY, ONE PENNY; MONTHLY, SIXPENCE.

EXTRACT FROM PROSPECTUS.

THE popularity which has been attained by Penny Readings, as at present given in the several towns and Villages where they have been introduced, clearly indicate the appreciation by all classes of short, well-chosen passages from the heart-stirring literature with which our language abounds. To form such a selection, to illustrate it by the pencil of the Artist, and to publish it at such a price as to bring it within the reach of all, is the object of CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED PENNY READINGS.

The Selections, under the able Editorship of TOM HOOD, will consist of Prose and Verse Extracts from all our great English Authors, each weekly number of which will form by itself a complete Reading, whilst still suitable for binding up into handsome and valuable volumes. It is intended that these Readings shall comprise the choicest portions of the standard literature of our country, and shall impart such a general knowledge of English Authors as could only otherwise be secured by a very extensive and prolonged course of study. Not only will contributions be levied from the great Authors who flourished before the present age, but through the kind permission of many celebrated living Authors and the Publishers of their works, extracts will be given from the most popular and eminent compositions of our own times. The grave, the sentimental, the gay, the comic, will all find a place in this collection; and it is hoped that it will form not only a useful Hand-book for the various Public Readings throughout the country, but an entertaining and cheerful companion at every fireside where the English language is spoken.

**Contents of the First Monthly Part, Price Sixpence, with 24 Illustrations:—**

FRONTISPIECE.—Portrait of Charles Dickens.
1. Tom Hood makes his Bow.
2. The Broken Heart. By Washington Irving.
3. The Cry of the Children. A Poem by Elizabeth Barrett Browning. With an Illustration by Paul Gray.
4. The Pilgrims and the Peas. By Peter Pindar. With three Illustrations by H. Brunton.
5. Dr. Pangloss and his Pupil. By George Colman. With an Illustration by A. Thompson.
6. Annabel Lee. A Poem by Edgar Allan Poe. With an Illustration by M. E. Edwards.
7. Mrs. Gamp's Apartment. By Charles Dickens. With an Illustration by "Phiz."
8. Moses and the Gross of Green Spectacles. By Oliver Goldsmith.
9. Auld Robin Gray. A Poem by Lady Anne Barnard. With an Illustration by W. Small.
10. By the Fireside. A Poem by Longfellow. With an Illustration by A. Thompson.
11. The Starling.—Captivity. By Lawrence Sterne. With an Illustration by A. Thompson.
12. Ode to the North-East Wind. By the Rev Charles Kingsley. With an Illustration by H. Sandercock.
13. Lodgings for Single Gentlemen. A Poem by George Colman. With an Illustration by A. Thompson.
14. The Happy Heart. A Poem by Decker.
15. Sir Roger de Coverley's Visit to Westminster Abbey. (From the *Spectator*.)
16. The Razor-Seller. A Poem by Peter Pindar.
17. A Father's Death. By Sir Richard Steele. With an Illustration by L. C. Henley.
18. The Notary of Perigueux. By Longfellow. With an Illustration by H. Brunton.
19. The Story of Le Fevre. By Lawrence Sterne. With an Illustration by W. Small.
20. Go, Lovely Rose. A Poem by Edmund Waller. With an Illustration by M. E. Edwards.
21. The Height of the Ridiculous. By Dr. Oliver Wendall Holmes. With an Illustration by A. Thompson.
22. The Theatre. A Poem by James Smith.
23. Fair Margaret and Sweet William. A Poem (from the "Percy Collection of Ballads"). With an Illustration by A. Thompson.
24. Description of a Moonlight Night. By Shakespeare. With an Illustration by R. P. Leitch.
25. Adventures of Rip Van Winkle. By Washington Irving. With an Illustration by H. Brunton.
26. Black-Eyed Susan. By John Gay. With an Illustration by C. Green.
27. Nose *versus* Eyes. By William Cowper.
28. Death of Two Lovers by Lightning. By Alexander Pope. With an Illustration by L. C. Henley.

*Parts* 2, 3, *and* 4 *are also ready.*

**CASSELL, PETTER, and GALPIN, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C., and BROADWAY, NEW YORK.**